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TROY. KANSAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1878.

Choice Loetry.

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THE NEW CHURCH DOCTRINE.

BY WILL CARLETON.

- There's come a sing lar dectrine, Sue, Into our church to-day:

- Into our church to-day:
 These cur'us words are what the new
 Young preacher had to say:
 That literal everlastin' fire
 Was mostly in our eye:
 That sinners dead, if they desire.
 Can get another try;
 He doubted if a warmer clime
 Than this world could be proved;
 The little snip—I fear some time
 He'll get his doubts removed.

- I've watched my duty, straight an' true,
 An' tried to do it well;
 Part of the time kept Heaven in view.
 An' part-steered elearro' Hell;
 An' uow, helf of this work is naught.
 If I must list to him.
 An' this ere devil I have fought,
 Was only just a whim;
 Vain are the dangers I have braved.
 The sacrifice they cost;
 For what fun is it to be saved,
 If no one clae is lost!

- Just think! Suppose when once I view
 The Heaven I've toilld to win,
 A lot of unsaved sinners, too,
 Comes grandly walkin' in?
 An' acts to home, same as if they
 Had read their titles clear,
 An looks at me, as if to say,
 "We're glad to see you here!"
 As if to say, "While you have been
 So fast to bee the mark,
 We waited till it rained, an then
 Got tickets for the ark!"

- Yet there would be some in that crowd.
 I'd rather like to see:
 My boy Jack—it must be allowed.
 There was no worse than he!
 I've always felt somewhat to blame.
 In several different ways.
 That he lay down on thorms o' shame,
 To end his boyhood's days;
 An I'd be willin' to endure,
 If that the Lord thought best,
 A minute's quite hot temperature,
 To clasp him to my breast.
- Old Captain Barnes was evil's son-

- Old Captain Barnes was evil's son—
 With heterodoxy crammed;
 I used to think he d be the one,
 If any one was dammed;
 Still, when I saw a lot o' poor.
 That he had clothed and fed,
 Cry desolately round his door,
 As soon as he was dead,
 There came a thought I couldn't control,
 That he some neutral land,
 I'd like to meet that scorched-up soul,
 And shake it by the hand.

- Poor Jennie Willis, with a cry
 Of hopoless, sad distress,
 Sank sudden down, one night, to die,
 All in her ball; oom dress;
 She had a precious little while
 To pack up an 'away;
 She even left her sweet, good smile—
 'Twas on the face, pext day;
 Her soul went off unclothed by even
 Constitute of swing errors. One stitch of saving grace; If ow could she hope to go to Heaven. An' start from such a place!
- But once, when I lay sick an' weak,
 She came, an' begged to stay;
 She kissed my faded, wrinkled cheek—
 She soothed my pain away;
 She brought me sweet boquets of flowers,
 As fresh as her young heart—
 Through many long and tedious hours,
 She played a Christiam part;
 An' cre I long will stand aroun'
 The singin saints among,
 I'll try to take some water down,
 To cool poor Jennie's tongue.

- But tears can never queuch my creed,
 Nor smooth God's righteous frown,
 Though all the preachers learn to read
 Their libles upside down.
 I hold mine right side up with care,
 To shield my eyes from sin,
 An' coax the Lord, with daily prayer,
 Te call poor sinners in:
 But if the sinners won't draw nigh,
 An' take salvations tilan.
- An' take salvation's plan.
 I'll have to stand ah' see 'em try
 To dodge Heil, if they can.

Select Story.

THE BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

Some years ago, when I was a single man, and dreaming (as some single men do) of double bliss yet destined to arrive, I went to a concert bliss yet destined to arrive, I went to a concert at the musical hall of Boston. Music is, poetically and proverbially, "the food of love," and in my sentimental state I consumed a good deal of it. Not that I had any object in view. Mine was abstract love; I cultivated it, I increased my stock, so that I might have a good deal of the tender passion in hand, whenever I saw an eligible opportunity of investing it. Well, to return to the concert: it was crowded to excess, and the rush on leaving, to reach cabs and carriages, was very great. I wore, on that memorable night, a blue coat and brass buttons, and I flattered myself there were worse looking men able night, a bine coat and brass buttons, and I flattered myself there were worse looking men in the room. I tell you candidly, I admired myself; and next to myself, another party I was struck with, a girl with dark eyes and black hair, who sat with some young friends a few forms distant. I hoped she noticed me and my blue coat, with brass buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract, her attention, to both blue coat, with brass buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract her attention to both; and being, as my friends would say, in rather a spooneg state, worked myself in a towering passion—of love. But how was I to come at the object of my admiration of For I was as diffident as devoted—"as shy as I was vain;" as an overcandid friend once said. "Hail Columbia," which concluded the concert, surprised me, as unprepared as on my first glance to "improve the occasion," and the company were shouling unprepared as on my first giance to indicate the occasion," and the company were shoaling out, while I stood mutely gazing after the object of my love at first sight. She and her party eddied for a while by the inner door of the concert room, and were then drawn out into the retiring current, and lost to sight.

I followed quickly after, lest I should lose forms all the constraints of identifying my idel; but

I followed quickly after, test I should use for-ever all opportunity of identifying my idel; but alas! the lights in the outer corridor were few, and so far between that "no glimpse of my star could I get." I pushed and elbowed fiercely through the crowd, with a view of getting to the outer door before my fair one's party had erged, and thus gain once more a sight of

"Hang it!" I muttered, impatiently, as I felt ating at my coat skirt, and was instantly conscious of one of my hind buttons having hitched to some lady's dress; my progress was suddenly arrested. "How provoking," thought I, as I was brought to a stand, for I could not push on was brought to a stand, for I could not push on without losing a button or tearing a dress; "how provoking the modern fashions; a lady now has as many hoops, as many tenseles about her ap parel as a sea mamone. It was with some irri-tation I stopped to undo the button; but my harry made the task more difficult, and instead of undoing. I only bundled and twisted the loop more rough the button.

more round the button.
"Please let me try," said the lady herself, as
I bungled over the business; she ungloved her
hand—it was a sweet white hand; so I looked hand—it was a sweet white hand, at her face. Stars and garters? but it was the very fair one, btack hair and dark eyes, I was in pursuit of. As she stooped aver the entangled button, a slight flush timed her cheek. Oh, it was delicious? I hoped she would never undo the loop; and, indeed, she would not, for her fingers were twitching nervously, and my beart was beating audibly; I tried to help her; our

fingers met.
"Please to make way there," shouted a gruff voice behind. We were blockading up the pas-sage; was there ever such an unlacky spot for

sage; was there ever such as unlacky spot for so lucky an entanglement?"
"You binder the people from going out, Annie," exclaimed one of her companions, with some asperity; "plague apon the loop, break it!" and suiting the action to the word, the speaker leaned forward, caught the sleeve of her beautiful friend's dress in one hand, and my coat-tail in the other, and giving a quick and decided tug, severed us. The crowd behind bore on, and we were separated; not, however, before I gave my "star" a look which I intended should speak volumes. I thought she did not seem unconscious of my meaning—our eyes met. should speak volumes. I thought she did not seem unconscious of my meaning—our eyes met. I knew, and this was the only consolation left me; for immediately afterwards I lost her and her party to view, in the darkness outside.

That night I hardly closed my eyes, thinking f my "bright particular star," and what means

I should employ to find her ont. I knew little of the town, which is a large one, and to expect to know the name of my fair one by a mere description, was hopeless; there doubtless must be a great many with dark eyes and black hair within "bills of mortality," there as elsewhere.

My love fit grew more and more violent in the course of the day; but tired out at length with my search, I returned to the hotel, and took out my dress coat from my portmanteau, to feed my

my dress coat from my portmanteau, to feed my flame even with the contemplation of the inanimate business button that had detained the "black-eyed beauty" so long. It was with no little delight I now discovered what did not before catch my eye—a fragment of the silk loop of her dress still adhered to the button, twisted around the shade I around the sha of her dress still adhered to the button, twisted around the shank. I pressed it to my lips; it was lilac in color—and I stooped to discontangle it from the bit of brass, as gently as though it were a tress of my loved one's hair, when something clinked in the skirt pocket. I supposed I had left some money there, for in my perturbation and excitement, I omitted to search, the coat, on taking it off the night before. I thrust my hand into the pocket. Gracious me! What did I behold, what did I take on? A gold chain bracelet!

You could have "brained" me with my lady's

chain bracelet!
You could have "brained" me with my lady's fan. I saw at a glance how matters stood—in the excitement and flurry of undoing the loop from my button, the clasp of her own bracelet, which not unnaturally fell into the coat skirt with which she was engaged, and doubtless, on missing it, instead of regarding me in a romantic light, she put it down that I was one of the swell mob, and had purposely entangled myself in her dress to rob her of her jewelry.

Here was an antic-heroic position to find one's self; when I wished to be considered the most devoted of knights, to be remembered as the most expert of pick-pockets! Was ever an honest lover in such a plight! And to make it worse, I could not see how I was to escape from this inevitable dilemma. I must go down to the grave remembered only in that dear one's mind as the nefarious purioner of her bracelet. To find her out was impossible; but a bright idea struck me, as my eye lighted on a newspaper lying on the coffee-room table. I rang the bell, inquired of the waiter when the local paper was published. "To-morrow, sir," he answered. I sat down and wrote an advertisement; it was in the following words:

"If the lady, whose dress got entangled in a gentleman's cost button in the local paper was published." To the part of the lady, whose dress got entangled in a gentleman's cost button in the content of the lady.

"If the lady, whose dress got entangled in a gen-tleman's coat button, in leaving the concert last Wednesday, will call at, or send to the Tremont House, she will hear of something to her advantage." There, I thought, as I gave the advertisement to the boy, and five shillings to pay for insertion in the Traveller—there, if that will not give me

in the Trareller—there, if that will not give me a clue to escape from a very unpleasant dilemma, and at the same time to know who my enchanier is, the fates must be very unpropitious. My plans being thus so far adopted, I ordered dinner, and waited patiently, or rather impatiently, the appearance of the newpaper next morning. It was brought up to my room, damp from the press, and then I read, in all the glory of large type, my interresting appearance. of large type, my interresting announcement. But, my stars! with what an advertisement was it followed, in the very same column? I only wonder that my hair did not stand on end, as I

TWO DOLLARS REWARD! Two follars reward!

Lost or stolen, on the night of the concert, at the Hall, a gold chain bracelet. It is thought to have been taken from the lady's arm by a pick-pocket, of gentlemanly appearance, who wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and was near the lady on leaving the Hall. Any one giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the bracelet, or the capture of the thief, (if it was stolen,) will receive the above reward, on applying at No. 7, Cambridge Place.

Here was a pretty plight-to be advertised in the public papers as a pick-pocket, when my on-ly crime was, like that of Othello's, that of

"Loving not wisely, but too well." "Loving not wisely, but too well."

My determination, however, was quickly adopted. I went up stairs, put on the very identical delinquent blue coat, so accurately described, and, taking the paper in my hands, proceeded to No. 7, Cambridge Place.

I knocked at the door, and asked the servant who answered, the name of the family. Having heard, I said—"is Miss Raymond in f"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant woman; "who shall I say wants her?" "Tell her," I replied, "that the pick-pocket,

"Tell her," I replied, "that the pick-pocket, with a gentlemanly address, with blue coat, and brass buttons, who stole her bracelet, is here, and wishes to return it to her."

The woman stared at me, as though I were mad; but upon repeating my request to her, she went in and delivered my message.

Soon there came out, not my fair one,

"With all that's best of dark and bright, Meeting in aspect the eye,"

but a stalwart brother.
"That," I said, handing him the bracelet, "is Miss Raymond's property; and though, as you perceive, I wear a blue coat with brass buttons. and am flattered to think my manners are not angentlemanly, I am bound in candor to say I

am not a pick-pocket."

"Then, sir, you shall have the reward," said the brother, taking out his purss.

"No," I replied, "for strange asit may appear, though I am no pick-pocket, I stole the lady's

The man looked puzzled; but when I told the

bracelet."

The man looked puzzled; but when I told the truth, and pointed to my advertisement in the same paper, as proof that I did not want to walk off with the property, he laughed heartily at the whole story, and not the least at his sister's description of the gentlemanly pick pocket. "Well," he said, "you had better walk in and have tea with us, and my sister will be able to say whether she can speak to your identity, after which it will be time enough to canvass the propriety of sending for a Constable."

You may be assured I accepted the invitation. Need I go further with the story! The young lady (to use the words of the advertisement) captured the pick-pocket. The bachelor's but tons no longer adorns my blue coat, and I now have framed and glazed over the fire-place, the advertisement in which I am publicly described by my own wife, as a pick-pocket with a gentlemanly address. When I charge her with a libel, she always does what she has just this moment done, pays damages for the slander in any amount of kisses, declaring, though not a pick-pocket, I was a thief, and stole her heart and pocketed her bracelet.

So ends the story of "A Bachelor's Batton."

So ends the story of "A Bachelor's Batton."-

Frand in the Churches.

A great deal of the money that goes to support some high-toned churches comes originally from sharp practice of one sort or another. It will not do, in such a case as this, to mention names, but if propriety permitted, it would be an easy matter to give here a list of men, prominent in up-town churches, who pay high pew rents and contribute to church subscriptions out of money that they made by actual frand—frand at the Custom House, fraud in Wall Street, fraud in savings banks and insurance companies, fraud in business, and fraud in scores of ways not necsavings banks and insurance companies, frand in business, and frand in scores of ways not necessary to specify. Some of these men are known to have committed frand, and others are under such suspicion as nothing but the clearest evidence could remove, but are they obliged to take back seats in the churches on this account? Not at all. On the contrary, they occapy the very best pews, and are frequently more prominent in church consultations than their brethren who are neither known to be dishonest, nor suspected of being so. The churches need money, of course—more, in fact, than they can get—and some of them not only tolerate the rich men who make money by means not strictly honest, but they give them a sort of negative encouragement to go on making money dishonestly, by treating them with special consideration. This may not be the case in 5r. Hall's church, but it certainly is the case in some others. No one in New York has ever heard of a rich man being denied church membership because he had shown more conning than conscience in growing rich.—Hartford Times.

THE Queen, it has been remarked, always gives a Cashmere shawl as a wedding present; but it may not be generally known that the shawls come from the Maharajah of Cashmere, and are a part of the tribute he pays the Empress of Iudia every year.

The Chicago Times says with a sadness pecu-liar to its nature, that the death of Mr. Bowles has demonstrated Charles Francis Adams.

Miscellang.

"THE DOLLAR OF OUR FATHERS."

- BY PHILLIPS THOMPSON
- Give us the silver dollar, Hard and clear as a bell, Sounding the people's triumph. And ringing the Shylock's knell!
- A fig for "public opinion!"
 The bought by the money kings:
 The press is too often the minion
 Of rascally Wall Street rings.
- They threaten distress and ruin Should silver its place resume : Of terrible mischief brewing. Portending the crack of doom.
- They lie, and they know they're lying. For gold keeps coming down, In spite of the usurers' trying To frighten us with their frown.
- To our neck there cliugs no collar, We're neither bribed nor sold; Hurrah for the silver dollar, By law on a par with gold.
- Then, give us the silver dollar,
 The coin that our fathers knew:
 Twas good enough in the good old days,
 It's good for the present, too.

Yes, give us the silver dollar, That none may dare refuse; If it's good enough for the people, It's good for the Wall Street Jews.

BEN. BUTLER. He Throws a Brick at the Bankers-Their Compiracy to Naillify the Law of the Land-"They are Provoking a Storm that will Sweep them Gut of Existence"-Something Worthy the Serious Consideration of the Scheming Shricks.

New York, Jan. 13.

Your correspondent was kindly received by General Butler this morning, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and the General finally consented to give the Equirer a few Butlerian ideas. The General was in fine regalia, with a tea-rose in his button-hole, and patent-leather pumps. He delivered his remarks in a deep voice and a Websterian manner, and every word seemed to weigh a ton, while a smile played over his features.

"General Butler, how do you view the action of the banks, in making a combination to put the banks on a gold basis, in case Congress should remanetize silver!" New York, Jan. 13.

remonetize silver I"
"If I undrstand what the banks are about, and I have no knowledge except what I see in the newspapers, they are making a confederation or combination. Uncharitable persons might call it a conspiracy to control the currency and the finances of the course. combination. Uncharitable persons might call it a conspiracy to control the currency and the finances of the country, in opposition to a law of Congress, which they think is likely to pass. That is, they threaten to put themselves in a position to nullify the law of Congress making the silver dollar a legal tender. Either to threaten this, or to do it, seems to me to be marvelously unwise. The threat is improper as well, and the doing of it will provoke a contest in which the banks will get a lesson which will last them an entire generation, as the United States Bank got a lesson which lasted it until this generation. Whatever individuals may do, in attempting to put business on a gold basis, in defiance of a law of Congress, need not be taken now into account. But when the banks, the creatures of Congressional legislation, set themselves up against their creator, there is a very short way of dealing with them, to wit: The power that made them can and ought to numake them. Congress chartered, Congress can uncharter; and, in my judgment, it would be a duty of Congress to take away the charter of any bank or banks that entered into any combinations to nullify the laws of Congress. If, as is admitted, there is an absolute majority in both Houses in favor of the silver currency, and as it is also admitted, the Constitution has placed within the jurisdiction of the two Houses the right to coin money and regulate the value thereof, then the majority actions within the jurisdiction of the two Houses the right to coin money and regulate the value thereof, then the majority action of the two Houses the right to coin money and regulate the value thereof, then the majority actions and the province and regulate the value thereof, then the majority actions are the right to coin money and regulate the value thereof. within the jurisdiction of the two Houses the right to coin money and regalate the value thereof,' then the majority, acting within its constitutional power, will not permit any set of men, for their own love of gain, to nullify that, or any other law of Congress. It will be remembered, that in the contest with the United States Bank, the President and the House of Representations. Bank, the Freshert and the House of Kepre-sentatives were alone in accord, the Senate be-ing against them. Now, on the silver question, the majority of both Houses are in accord; and the President is where he will find himself to be

when the question comes before him—where that is, I do not know.

"But, upon the question whether a law imposed by Congress, under the forms prescribed by the Constitution, can be nullified, there can be no doubt where the President must be in punishing nullification. It is said that this combination is going to be a wide spread one. The extent of the conspiracy is only a reason for the swifter punishment of it, and the more energetic measures to break it down. For these reasons, I can see nothing more unwise than the reported action of the banks. If they go on with it, they will provoke a storm that will sweep them out of existence, and I trust never to hear any more of it. I wonder that in all the papers which have reported their action, this view has not been hinted at; and I would suggest that the question for the next financial debating club, called a 'Board of Trade,' or a 'Convention of Bankers'—if there is anybody there to represent more than one side of the question—the next question discussed shall be: 'What will become of the banks, if they attempt to set themselves up in form—as there is a very strong prevailing opinion that they have in fact—against the will and interests of a majority of the people of this country!' I have broken my determination not to speak further on public questions outside of Congress, to say so much upon this question, in the hope that I may awaken the hen the question comes before him-where that outside of Congress, to say so much upon this outside of Congress, to say so much upon this question, in the hope that I may awaken the thoughts of the managers of banking capital upon this subject, in the hope that they may not jeopardize, either by foolish threats or unwise jeoparuize, either by footish threats or unwise action, the interests of the widows and orphans confided to their care, and then come to Congress to escape the punishment due to such action, on the ground that the interests of the widows and and orphans will be prejudiced by the severity of the punishment."—Esquirer.

The Dardauelles, toward which so much atten-ion is now directed, fairly teems with historic tion is now directed, fairly teems with historic and poetic memories. Its navigation was first attempted by the Argonauts, under Jason, in their search for the Golden Fleece. At Abydos, Xerxes built his famous Bridge of Boats for the invasion of Gracce, and it was here that the loves of Hero and Leander became world-renowned. Leander, who lived at Abydos, the Asiatic shore, was in love with Hero, the beautiful priestess of Venus, at Sestos, and regularly swam the strait to meet his mistress. One dark and stormy night the failed to annear, and when the luckloss Hero. to meet his mistress. One dark and stormy night he failed to appear, and when the luckless Hero visited the shore, the next morning, the waves had washed the dead body of her lover upon the sands. Overcome by her loss, she planged into the sea, and the spot became ever after sacred to their memory. On the 3d of March, 1810, Lord Byron swam the Dardanelles at the same point in seventy minutes. He was accompanied by a Lieutenant Akenbead, whose name has been oded down to posterity in the line:
"Which Leander, Mr. Akenbead, and I did."

The swim from Abydos to Sestos is still repeated yearly by Byron inspired tourists, and will probably continue to be as long as the glamour of poetry and tradition hangs around the spot.—

DONN PIATT'S OPINION OF HELL -- In view of Donn Platt's Opinion of Hell.— In view of the alarming progress of infidelity and H. W. B., the Protestant clergymen of Philadelphia have voted for a regular old fashioned, orthodox hell by an I. m.—large majority. They show their sense in so doing. As our earthly experience teaches us that all the extremes of good have a co-relative extreme of bad, so it is but natural to follow out the principle proved by actual life, and to believe that if there he a reward after death, there must be a corresponding punishment. We hope there is a hell, for we know some people we would laugh to see there.—The Capital.

JOHN CALVIN believed that Christ was the Eternal Son of God, and Michael Servetus believed that Christ was the Son of the Eternal God. For this difference Servetus was burned in a alow fire, and Calvin stood by sud grinned like the hyena that he was—Bob Ingersell's Lecture.

THE WITHERS TRACEDY. Lamentable Result of a Cold-Pooted Lady's

It is said that during extremely cold weather, it occasionally happens that the feet of ladies who are not within reach of stoves, fire-places, or furnace registers, become painfully cold. This is, of course, an extremely delicate topic, but it is undeniable that cold fominine feet do exist. As to the cause of this phenomenon, there is much difference of opinion. Mr. Engene Lawrince believes that it is due to the machinations of the Jesuits; Mr. Coukling regards it as the inevitable result of the Presidential policy, and Mr. Dio Lewis ascribes it to a lack of out-meal in the great nervous centres, and to the tightness of the Dio Lewis ascribes it to a lack of out-meal in the great nervous centrees, and to the tightness of the or in other words—to the excessive pressure exerted by India rubber. In fact, he asserts, on the authority of his communicative milliner, that they check the circulation of the blood, and thus render the feet unable to resist the influence of cold weather. Many remedies have been proposed, but there is none which has proved perfectly satisfactory. It has been confidently asserted that if any lady were to wear three pairs of thick shoes, together with two pairs of cotton and six pairs of woolen—well, stockings—cold feet would be unknown; but, inasmuch as the most delicate foot, if thus arrayed, would rival in apparent size and grace a full-grown sofa in apparent size and grace a full-grown sofa cushiou, no lady has ventured to try the remedy. It has also been suggested that metallic shoes, fitted with tanks for hot water, would keep the fitted with tanks for hot water, would keep the entire female system in a gentle simmer, but here again, the size of the proposed shoes is a fatal objection to the plan. Mr. Dio Lewis boldly remarks to the ladies of Boston: "If you wish to keep your feet warm, eat a quart of oat meal, three times a day, and throw away your elastic—but really his language cannot be repeated. It is sufficient to say that his advice has not been followed and that his country women indignant-

but really his language cannot be repeated. It is sufficient to say that his advice has not been followed, and that his country women indignantly deny that he knows anything about their circulation, and the effect upon it of the articles of dress which be coarsly mentions.

The wife of Mr. James Withers, of East Bridgewater, Minn., was, until recently, one of the most respected ladies in the East Bridgewater Baptist Churcit. She was young and beautiful, and in her devotion to the interests of the congregation and the Sunday-school, was so conspicuous that the minister wished that she was twenty years older, so that he could without offense refer to her from the pulpit as a prize-specimen mother in Israel. Minnesota happens to be excessively cold in winter; so cold, in fact, that the inhabitants are frequently unable to remember their own names. In spite of her youth, beauty, and general excellence, Mrs. Withers was peculiarly susceptible to the influence of cold weather, and suffered untold agonies from cold feet from the 1st of November to the middle of April. The Baptist meeting-house was a particularly cold place, and it often happened that after the end of the Sunday morning service, Mr. Withers was compelled to carry his wife to the store and to thaw her out, before attempting to taker her home.

During the recent cold snan in East Bridge-

home.
During the recent cold snap in East Bridge
water, Mrs. Withers suffered so severely that she water, Mrs. Withers suffered so severely that she came to the determination to try every remedy for cold feet which any one might suggest to her. On Saturday evening, December 30th, Mr. Withers being absent on a visit to Chicago, his young er brother, a bad young man, holding the position of teller in the local bank, and noted for his fondness for sinful games of every description, called upon Mrs. Withers, and when that admir-able woman bewailed the coldness of the Baptist able woman bewailed the coldness of the Baptist meeting house, told her that he had so infallible recipe for keeping the fest warm in the very severest weather. He advised his innocent sister-in-law to pour half a pint of Cayenne pepper, mixed with two table sposnfuls of ground mustard, into each of her stockings, just before she started to meeting, and assured her that if she would try this cheap and simple remedy, her feet would remain comfortably warm, even if she were to put them under the same table with those of Hon. Charles Erneis Advance Meeting in the same table with Withers thanked the young man with a guile-less gratitude that would have touched the heart

Withers thanked the young man with a guileless gratitude that would have touched the heart
of a brass monkey, and instantly sent the servant to buy six pounds of Cayenne pepper.

On the following morning, just before the
church bell rang, she used the combined pepper
and mustard in accordance with her brother-inlaw's instructions, and walked to the meetinghouse without any inconvenience from the cold.
The service began, and though at first Mrs.
Withers felt delightfully warm, she showed
signs of uneasiness long before the minister gave
out his text. Just when that eloquent preacher
was well under way, he was stricken dumb with
horror at the unaccountable conduct of Mrs.
Withers, who suddenly began to dance in the
wildest manner, and to shriek, "Take them off,"
in the most heart-rending tones. It was too late
in the season for snakes, and hence the congregation jumped to the conclusion that Mrs. Withers had gone mad. The deacons promptly hastend to her relief, but the more they tried to
calm her, the more violently she danced. Finally
she broke loose from them, and tearing off her
shoes and stockings, fled barefooted to the nearest house. While the congregation watched her
flight down the aisle, and wondered whether she
could break a hole in the frozen river large
enough for drowning purposes, a sudden and
unanimous desire to succee fell upon them, and enough for drowning purposes, a sudden and unanimous desire to sueeze fell upon them, and for the next ten minutes the uproar was deafen-ing. At the end of that time, the minister dis ing. At the end of that time, the minister dis missed his audience by an elaborate pantomime, and went home firmly convinced that the days of demoniacal possession and witcheraft had returned. The next morning, Mrs. Withers took the earliest train for Chicago, and the wicked brother in-law, who was frightened at the horrible success of his joke, started prematurely upon his European tour, leaving at least \$3,000 of bank assets which, had he waited two weeks longer, he would have been able to take with him.

This teaches us that our little feet were never made to be tortured with pepper and mustard, and that it is better that one person should suffer from cold than that a whole congregation should sneeze itself out of its collective boots.—New York Times.

Why Maine Hater Massachusetts.

The Boston Herald wants to know the causes of the alienation between Maine and Massachusetts. A long summer day would not suffice to tell them all. But here is one: The treatment of Maine men and Maine troops by Massachusetts in the war of 1812. Two instances we will mention. William Widgery, the Maine Representative who sustained the declaration of war, barely escaped with his life from a Newburyport mob, on his way home from the Capital. Maine soldiers fared scarcely better. The company recruited in York County for the Third United States Artillery was hooted in every town in Massachusetts, through which it passed on its way to the lakes, and on the shop doors of many of the villages, was scrawled this legend, in chalk: "Down with the war hawks." Ou their return home, our soldiers received quite as shab-Why Maine Hotes Mas return home, our soldiers received quite as shab-by treatment. With true Yankee thrift, the men of Massachusetts charged them exorbitant prices for so slight things as a glass of milk, or a morsel of bread. Their homeward march through Massachusetts might be depicted in Paulding's

Saved this good land, and when the tug was o'er.
Begged their way home at every scenadrel's door.
The truth is, Massachusetts was disaloyal, to
the very heart, in that war. She meditated
treason, but wanted the courage to achieve it.
Naturally, she desires that this shameful part of
her history shall be forgotten. But the memory
of insult and abuse has not yet died out of the
minds of Maine people.—Portland Press.

THE following head lines, which appeared in the so-called Republican paper yesterday, shows to what a pass we have come in politics: MAJOR BURKE.

The Leader of the Louisiana Democracy Inter-viewed by a Tribone Correspondent. He Defeuds President Hayes and the Southern Democratic Congressmen from Charges of Party Infidelity.

Has it indeed come to this, the leader of the Louisiana Democracy must defend the President against the charge of being unfaithful to his party?—[ster-freez.]

IL RE GALANTUOMO.

- Dead in full blow of strength, high tide of blood! The hunter's muscle, and the soldier's heart. The frame os flush of lite and lustifhood. All stark and still, and drest for King's last part.
- The Victor dead, in prime of stalwart strength, And over Tiber, scarce a stone's throw down. The Vanquished, at last span of his life's length Still living to bless him who took his crown.
- Fate loves her irony. Still on earth's scene. We play in "Contrasts" to our latest breath. And all must mark death that should life have And Life that flickers in chill gust of Death.
- Here most, where the two Actors in the play Are Italy's first King and last King Pope; The one so seeming strong, bluff, galliard, gay; The one so seeming weak, old, sad, past hope.
- It is as if we saw two dying beds. Two graves of even date dug side by side; King and Pope, putting off old hates and dreads. And changing words of kindness as they died.
- Tis all too soon their epitaphs to write.
 That must be interwoven, line by line:
 Though the one's black show as the other's white,
 And either need the other's foil to shine.
- But both loved Italy with life-long love. Both laid for her the course that they deemed bes Though Pope marked shoals, where King at full sail of And this to larboard, that to starboard prest.
- So they will stand, both, at the Future's bar, Not blameless either, each with much to praise; King, blamed for man's ains that King's graces mar Pope, for unpriestly pride in the world's gaze.
- A King esarse-fibered—but had finer spun Borne the rough strain of all he had to do, Welding the ahreds of Italy in one. Facing fair work or foul that helped thereto?
- Twas not for nothing that the people gave. The name he bore, unchallenged, clear and clean: "King Honest Man."—a title above "brave."
 For brave all sons of Savoy still have been.
- But honesty—fast faith to plighted word, And charter sworn—is rare among the b That still to Christian virtues have prefer Machiavelli's craft and pliant creed.
- And if he had the faults that hang about The neck of strength, he had the virtues, too: The quick lit lusts, wrath that blazed sudden out. And seen died, down, but hates and friendships And through all change, as he swore Kingly oath,
 From first to last he set his will aside.
 And wrought his country's; true to plighted troth,
 And Italy, that gave herself his bride.
- He guided her across the twilight time Betwixt the death of old and birth of new ; . And stayed her steps, the darkling hill to climb, Spite of shrill shricking tongues nor faint ner few.
- Saw the swift growth, the slow reform of wrong.
 The weakness turning strength from day to day
 And when his tide of life, like hers, ran strong.
 And seemed at flood, sudden, he passed away!
- Leaving his Kingly shield without a stain. And his life's record, if not free from soil. Blurred with the sins which strength can i And weakness finds it easiest to foil.
- Carve on his tomb the title he loved best, Which in the Italy he made means most. With "Il Re Galantuomo" on his breast, He may sleep well—not making other boasf.

RETURNED TO LIPE.

A Dead Man Telling His Strange Experienc For the last four mouths Mr. J. Harry Schrack, a young married man of Philadelphia, has been seriously ill with spasms of the heart, and last Sunday he apparently died. Crape was hung on his door-bell, and the neighboring gossips speculated whether his widow would marry again. Four hours later the crape was torn down, and it was aunounced that Mr. Schrack had returned to life. While the apparently dead man was being prepared for the undertaker, some one heard a faint groan, and restoratives being applied, Mr. Schrack was soon sitting up. Of course he was interviewed, and this is the story he tells: For the last four mouths Mr. J. Harry Schrack. "Last September, I had a terrible attack of

hemorrhage of the lungs, and since then I have not been able to do anything, except for one period of three weeks. My health at times was fair, but three weeks ago I felt that I was going fast. My flesh left my body. My entire appearance changed. My appetite was gone. Everything I swallowed was at once thrown off not been able to do anyth pearance changed. My appetite was gone. Everything I swallowed was at once thrown off my stomach. Last Thursday, a week, I found I would have to give up. I felt as though the power of action in my limbs was leaving ms. I was fearful of going to bed, and so I sat in a chair for three days and three nights. I then made up my mind that I would have to die, and I asked to be put to bed. Wednesday night, I was taken with something like a chill and spasms at the heart. After coming through that, I seemed to revive until last Saturday. Every hour during that day I experienced a change. While the right hand would be purple the left would be white. When the left hand became dark the right became white again. The entire left side of my body was numb and almost useless. About 9 o'clock on Saturday night, my eyesight began to fail me. I lost my hearing, and my speech became thick, my tongue being greatly awollen. I had fally made up my mind that I had to die. At about 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, the tips of my fingers became being greatly swollen. I had fully made up my mind that I had to die. At about 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, the tips of my fingers became like lead. My sight was now entirely gone. My stomach was terribly swollen and was greatly inflamed. Each succeeding cramp was more severe, and reached higher up into the stomach. All the passages of my throat seemed to be closed. Shortly before 7 o'clock, I asked to be moved to the foot of the bed. My head had scarcely touched the pillow, when I exclaimed, "Throw me over!" and then—I found myself in another land. The vision I looked upon was the most beautiful that man ever saw. It would be impossible for me to give a description that would do it justice. My first feeling was that of falling down a great height, and then I found myself in a valley. I walked along until I came to a terrible, dark, black river, at sight of which I shuddered and feared. Before me and beyond the river was a black cloud. Others were walking over the river, and although I or which I shuddered and feared. Before me and beyond the river was a black cloud. Others were walking over the river, and although I dreaded it, something urged me on, and I felt that I had to go with the others. As I got nearer to the dark cloud, it became bright and beautiful, and expanding, it opened and disclosed the most beautiful sight. The first I saw was Jesus. I saw a great temple and a great throne. I saw my little boy, who was drowned two years ago, and my other dead child. I saw my old gray haired grandfather, who died when I was but two years eld. There were many whom I looked for, but I did not see them. Then the vision began receding, and I never can describe the terrible disappointment I felt when I found myself again in bed. I felt, indeed, grieved. It was If o'clock when I regained consciousness, and at once felt as though my life had been renewed. I was a new man. I had not then, nor have I now, and ache or a pain. My eyesight, my hearing and my speech had fully returned, and I feel now as well as I ever did in my life."

Mark Twain's Apology.

Mark Twain is characteristic, even in apology. His speech as a drollery at the Whittier banquet, was unfortunate, and none felt it to be so more than the humorist himself, but his apology to the great lights of our literature, to Longfellow, and Whittier, and Emerson, and Holmes, is so ntterly abject and fortorn, that all will forgive Mark from the bottom of their hearts, and particularly those whom he caricatured. We have not the text of his letter at hand, but understand that he said to them in substance that he was a fool, that he knew it, but that God made him a fool, that he was God's fool, and couldn't help himself, and that they ought to have a little compassion on him for God's sake, if not for his own. If there is any apology in existence which is more searching than this, we should like to know where it is to be found.—Beston Herald.

What All the Colonels are Doing.—There is a low mattering of complaint rambling through the halls of Congress, that of the forty-one Colones of the line in the regular army, not more than four have been with their regiments for years, and but three have been in actual command of their regiments since the war. But as the last one of them has been in command of his pay all the while, what the dickens is the difference? Their pay is all these gollant sons of thunder want, and they can do nothing in command of their regiments that saybody also wants, and hence it is a matter of but little importance where they are.—Louiseille Courier-Journal.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Has Some Experience with the Chinese-The Action the Corners Took.

CONFEDERT X ROADS. WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, Jan. 27, 1878.

The Corners is agitated from senter to sircum The Corners is agitated from senter to sircum-frence. The Corners hez bin invadid, and her dig-nity hez bin sot on. A week ago last Toosday, a hord uv ignerent, degradid, and slavish Chinees arrived here, and pitched ther tents about a mile from the village, and went camly to work on the Cross-roads and Secessonville Raleroad. The niggers, wich is the nateral worker uv this re-in refused to go on the road bears than her niggers, wich is the nateral worker uv this re-jin, refoosed to go on the road, becoz they hev ther farms and things to attend to, and the prowd Cawcashen, uv coarse, refoosed to quit the comfortable fire at Bascom's, to engage in any meenyel pursoot. Ez the company hez to hev the road bilt by a sertin time, to sekoor a State subsidy, the mersenary, graspin directers sent to Californy and imported about four hun-dred beethen, who, in ther blindnis, bow down to wood and stone.

to wood and stone. We waz warned in time. Two weeks ago, I

RAT CATCHER'S S'LOON, SAN FRANCISCO.
To P. V. Nasby, Laber Champion:
Four hundred godlis Chinees on ther way to
the Corners. These pagans hev undermined the
relijin and laber av Californy, and are movin
on Kentucky. They worship idols, and work for
50 cents a day. We'll be d—d ef we stand it.
Kill the cussed heethen. Stand up for laber and
reliiin.

PAISEY M'GONIOLE,
JIMMY PATERS,
(Liverpool Pet,)
TEODY O'LAPPERTY,
(Proprietor Rat Pit,)
SHAMUS O'SHAUGHNESSY,
Committee. PATSEY M'GONIGLE,

The frekenters uv Baseom's will never allow this kind uv a insult to ther relijis feelins, and demandid to be led agin em to wunst, that they mite make it lively for em. They clinked ther

mite maks it lively for em. They clinked ther glasses in yoonison, and swore that the Crossroads should never be defiled with heethen, and the entire Corners rose ez one man to compass ther destruckshen.

Jist then the clarion voice uv Bascom wuz herd above the howls uv the eggsitid populis.

"Wait," sed he; "do nothin rash. Wait and see wether them off-seourins intend to spend ther money at my bar. Ef they will, we must put up with ther heethenism. Ef not, the rath uv a outraged commounity must be visitid upon em. In the meantime, let trusty men go and see wat plunder they hev in ther cabins."

I went to intervoo em. They wuz all workin away at the sand bank. Selectin a able bodied one, I asked him wat his views wuz on the Suvrinty uv the States. He made no anser. How

one, I asked him wat his views waz on the Suvrinty uv the States. He made no anser. How
did he like the climate? He kep on diggin. Wat
wuz his noshen uv the silver question? Still he
dug. Waz he a supporter uv President Haze's
polisy? That fetched him. He never stopped
his infernal diggin—we can't understand this
kind uv thing here at the Corners; we stop work
easy enuff—he ansered, without lookin up:
"Melikin man go hellee—Chinaman wolk for
wages."

wages."
We wated pashently till Friday, and ez not a

We wated pashently till Friday, and ez not a Chinaman among em hed bin seen at Bascom's, that grate man consented to our moovin onto em. We found that they wuz workin at fifty cents a day, wich no Cawkashen resident wood do for ten times the money, and wuz keepin us out uv employment. We reconed to ourselves, wat chance ther wood be for us, of the cheep laber nv the overflowin East shood be piled in upon us in this way, and we determined to resist this outrage on American laber. this outrage on American laber.

Issaker Gavitt got so eggsited about it, that he riz up from the counter he wuz layin on, and swore that for one he wood die in defence uv laber; and Deekin Pogram, who wuz layin on a hoff alo rabe valet.

and denanded wat the entry waz comin to.
Capt. M'Pelter woke up, and got out uv his
cheer, and sighed that ther wuz no longer any
room for Amerikin industry, and that he waz
williu to resist em to the deth. But then he'd be d—d if ef he wanted the soil to be descratid
by a set uv impins, soleliss heethen.

Bascom insistid that, both on akkount uv laber
cad relijin, they ort not to be permittid to remane. They never cum to his bar, or dun any
thin that wur sivilized. Sich a set uv heethen
wood undermine our Amerikin institutenting. wood undermine our Amerikin institooshus in

a yeer. Hev they anythin in ther cabins to in-demnify us for thus outragin our feelins? We went fur em that afternoon, but the expedishn woz disastrus. The sooperintendent asked us wat we wantid. I ansered that, ez Amerikio sitizens, we hed com to demand that the heethen element he hed interdoosed be to wanst remooved, and that ef it wazn't dun forthwith, we show

lo it by force.

He laffed a feendish laff, and sed that of the Chinees wuz any wass heethen than the speci-mens he had seed sence he had bin in this contry. they hed his most profound simpathies. Ez he wuz uv the opiniyun that ther comin didn't in-terfeer with any laber we wuz likely to do, he wood give us jist one minit to make ourselves skeerce; and he whipped out a revolver uv the regler Joe Bigler size, and the other bosses whip-ped out similar weepins, and the Chinamen cum up with ther shovels and picks.

We retired to the Corners, and held a meetin, and passed resolooshus denousin the heethin, with is ex fur ex we hev got toard expellin uv em.

But the Corners is depressed. The laber and relijis questions alluz duz depress the Corners. To hey a immdashen uv godlis heethen, worshippin sticks and things, comin here and takin the bred out uv the mouths uv me and Issaker Gavitt, Capt. M'Pelter, and Deekin Pogram, by workin for a meer pittance, is suthin too horrible to think about. We set in Bascom's every day, from aven in the mornin till twelve at nite. from seven in the mornin till twelve at nite, discussin and bewalein it. We can't help ourselves, and the centry is on the brink uv rooin. Ther is trubble abed uv us.

Petroleum V. Nasny,

Did Mr. Tilden favor or oppose the Electoral Commission! Senator Barnum says he never gave it his approval. Mr. Hewitt, Chairman of the National Committee, alleged that the candidate for President favored the plau. Mr. Payne, of Ohio, who was a Democratic leader in Congress, avers it gave Tilden a chance, which he had not otherwise under the laws. Some of the Democratic journals discuss the question with some feeling, and as if it had some bearing upon the selection of a candidate for 1880. It will probably be found that, while Mr. Tilden hoped the Commission would make him President, he favored it, and when he discovered that it would confirm the title of President Hayes he condemned it. And while he thus vibrated as a pendulum, he was careful not to take any responsibility with those who were called to act on the subject, keeping himself free to complain or praise as the end might prompt.—Utice Herald. A Pretty Good Guess.

President Hayes is not a great man, but he is imbued with the notion that he has a mission, that of a pacificator, and this vanity is a string the ex-rebels know how to pull to further their own ends. He has the obstinacy peculiar to men of large self-esteem. He means well, doubtless, but he utterly misunderstands the situation. The ex-slave holders can never be conciliated. A solid South, as the result of compromise and surrender, is not a pleasant out-look. Doubtless it is permitted for a good purpose. We have not yet expiated all our sins. Dark, however, as the prospect now is, the right will prevail in the end. The people are thinking. They are learning of their betrayal and waiting and hoping, but when once they realize the magnitude of the opportunities lost, and the sacrifices uselessly made, then will come the awakening, followed by swift and surere tribution.—Cencord Monitor.

THE LASH AS A TEMPERANCE REFORMER

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,075.

- THE PRESIDENT'S LITTLE SPEECH.
- BY ONE OF THE OLD TWENTY-SECOND HOWA.

- Well, neighbor, I've read your paper,
 And the speech the President made,
 And conething alipped through my teeth—
 Twas an ngly cath, I'm afraid,
 And I tooked for my good right arm,
 And saw hut one cupty sleeve;
 I thought I'd walk over awhite,
 My burdened mind to relieve.

- When the rebels fired on Samter,
 And the bloody fight begun,
 Was it "no special credit."
 That each loyal man seized his gun,
 And aware to keep the freedom
 That our fathers died to win!
 That on other flag should swer float
 Where the stars and stripes had bee
- We met them bravely and fairly.
 We fought them long and well:
 We stormed their pits and earthwork
 We faced their shot and shell;
 We carried the dear old banner.
 That the traiters had pulled down,
 And set it proudly deating
 Above each Southern town.
- And now the President tells us. Twas no disgrace to them. That they starved our loyal boys
- In many a prison pen.

 My God, and they were the traitora!

 Twas they began the fuss;
 But I've not heard a word about

 Conciliating us.
- I'm sorry the President said it;
 For I think he is good and true,
 And means to do as an honest man
 And a Christian ought to do.
 But it's like offering motit for treason.
 And to me it seems too plain.
 That there's nothing to hinder those fellows
 From trying the same thing again.
- The graves on the Southern hill sides May cover the mouldring forms. But women's hearts are aching yet. In our quiet Northern bonnes. The camon smoke is lifted From fields where our heroes lay. For the light died out of many a life, And the shadows came to stay.
- Well, I'll just go home now, neighbor,
 And let this matter rest;
 Wiser heads than mine are rauning this,
 And I reckou they know best.
 But I'll take this old army overcoat,
 And hide it from sight away.
 For loyal blue is at a discount,
 And the premium on the gray.

The Leper Settlement of the Sandwich Island-and its Late Governor. Our Honolulu exchanges announce, in brief, the death of Wm. P. Ragsdale, Governor of the leper settlement on the island of Molokai, Sandwich Islands. The decease of so noted and remarkable a man, in the prime of life, deserves a more extended obitnary. "Bill Ragsdale," as he was popularly known, was a Hawaiian by birth, his mother having been a native, and his father an American. By profession, he was a lawyer, speaking English as fluently as Hawaiian, and the most noted orator of the Hawaiian Kingdom, whites and natives included, and among the latter there are many conspicuous orators. The

DEATH OF A REMARKABLE MAN.

ter there are many conspicuous orators. The manner in which Ragsdale discovered that he had the leprosy, as told by himself, is most inter-esting, and especially from a scientific point of view.

The deceased resided for a number of years on The deceased resided for a number of years on the island of Hawaii, and had an office at Hilo, the capitol of the island. One night while studying up a law case, in which he was deeply interested, the chimney from his lamp fell on the table. Although the chimney was hot as fire, "Bill," in his excitament, picked it up and set it on its place, without experiencing the least inconvenience, such as would naturally result to a really sound person handling a red-hot lamp chimney. He reflected for a moment, looked at his hand, but could not discover the least sign that it had been burned. He then took off and put on the chimney repeatedly, and with the same result. This experience convinced him that he was among the afflicted, and he lost no that he was among the afflicted, and he lost no time in communicating with the authorities. An examination was made, and medical authority declared that he was afflicted with leprosy. Dr. Trosseau, for years a physician at Honolulu, but now a resident of the Island of Hawaii, made

now a resident of the Island of Hawaii, made the principal examination.

Up to this time no person on the islands ever dreamed that Bill Ragsdale had the leprosy, and some doubted, even after the examination, if he was so afflicted. Bill, however, was personally convinced that he was so afflicted. The police did not arrest him, however, owing to hisexalted position, as was common with those suspec ed of being lepers, so he voluntarily delivered hou-self up as a victim of the terrible disease. He was then sent to Motokai, and installed Gover-nor of the leper settlement, which position he was then sent to Molokal, and installed Gov. rnor of the leper settlement, which position he
held for a number of years, up to the time of his
death, last month. Soon after his isolation from
the world and his friends, the disease made itself
more apparent, and there were none so incredulons as to believe that he was not forever afflict-

lons as to believe that he was not forever afflicted with the leprosy.

During his administration of affairs, he was as successful as he was popular. There were and are about 800 lepers on the settlement, but by his tact and kinheartedness, Ragsalale made tho most extraordinary and saddest community on the face of the earth, as cheerful and happy as the unfortunates could be. By his advice, the Government made many reforms, and the lepers recognized him as a father. One of the most peculiar and startling phases connected with this episode, is the fact that Mr. Ragsalale, who was a married man with a family, took up with a recognized him as a father. One of the most peculiar and startling phases connected with this episode, is the fact that Mr. Ragsdale, who was a married man with a family, took up with a young native woman on the settlement of Molokai, who fell in love with him. She was remarkably handsome, of splendid physique, and had already buried two husbands or lovers—for both terms are substantially the same with the Hawaiians, free from missionary influence. Both her husbands, as we will call them, died of leprosy, yet the wife, as she must be termed, was never afflicted with it. She fell in love with Ragsdale, and they continued to live in the most perfect harmony, the wife not having the least fear of being subject to the frightful affliction of her husband. She still survives him, and is in perfect health, or at least was so not long ago.

It may be remarked that there are some seventy-five individuals in the leper settlement, who are not afflicted with leprosy. These have voluntarily exiled themselves on account of the deep love and affection they have for their friends who are lepers. They mingle freely among the sorrow-stricken, eating out of the same calabash of pol, and drinking from the same cup, chatting and talking together. Still some of the healthy persons, indeed the majority of them, never catch the leprosy. In a word, they have no fear at all of it.

Who the successor of the deceased leper Governor will be, is not known. It was believed at one time that Peter Kao, a cousin or uncle to Queen Emma, would be Governor, but by influence this leprous chief has been allowed to leave the settlement, and is now a resident of Honoln-lin. Peter had a nice cottage at Molokai, and, as becoming his rank, had servants to wait on him. During his sojourn there, he enjoyed life as well as could be expected, and had the good will of the lepers at large. Now, that he is free, and Ragsdale dead, it will be difficult to find the proper man to falfill so delicate a duty. The Hawaiian authorities have many fanite and hortcomings

The Folittical Ricker Defining.—The political "kicker" is a very slight remove from the detestable political "dead-beat" of "striker," and should be shoused by every partisan who is houseable enough to have at heart the welfare of his party organization; for, to tolerate these fellows after they have once given trouble to the party organization, is only to encourage them in their mischievous and despicable practices.—Sender Towarist.

THE Miners Trust Co. of Pottsville, Pa., which suspended some time ago, bascome to the rescus of its depositors with a final dividend of our cent on the dollar.

THREE Presidents lie buried in Tennes